

Punk and Nerd

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Summary: "We need to break up." Those words made everything numb. His lips fell and everything in his hands dropped. His cigarette even fell from between his fingers and almost caught onto his pants. "Uh, um, okay." Jack stuttered, trying to form a reasonable explanation as to why they were talking about this in the first place. Their relationship had been fine up until this point.

Punk and Nerd

****A/N:** A one-shot about breaking up. Me and my boyfriend had a contest to see who could get the most reviews on a prompt: PNAU about breaking up. Had to be HiJack. Anyway, enjoy? I own nothing.**

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><p>"We need to break up."<p>

Those words made everything numb. His lips fell and everything in his hands dropped. His cigarette even fell from between his fingers and almost caught onto his pants.

"Uh, um, okay." Jack stuttered, trying to form a reasonable explanation as to why they were talking about this in the first place.

Their relationship had been fine up until this point. No fights, no misunderstandings, no doubts. They were loyal to one another and hardly had any problems. Sure, Jack's smoking was a big problem to Hiccup and yeah, Hiccup's constant nagging about Jack not doing his homework was a little annoying but that shouldn't be a reason to break up.

Before he could even ask why they suddenly fell apart, Hiccup walked off, not even looking back at the tattooed teen. In fact, he seemed to run away as he reached the corner of the hallway. The bell rang

and the halls cleared all except for the white haired punk that stood, staring at the corner his boyfriendâ€|his _ex_-boyfriend just turned around. Maybe this was some sort of joke. Yeah, it was just a was going to come around the corner and laugh in his face and tell him how much he got him.

A small smile cracked through his lips as he imagined that sweet smile. That sweet, 'I got you' 'you should have seen your face' two always played pranks and jokes on one another and man, did this take the cake. But as periods passed and the final bell rang, there was no sign of his lovely brunet coming. And as he stood in the middle of the hallway flooded by rushing teenagers, he felt alone. He knew he wasn't coming. He knew it wasn't a joke now. It was real. They had broken up and the chance of them getting back together might be slimmer than he thought.

Teachers finally walked up to him and broke him of his trance, helping him to the school's front doors. This was the norm for almost a week; he'd sit there in class in a trance until a teacher walked up to him and brought him to another class or to the front doors. Every few times, a brave soul would ask the punk what was wrong? Was he sick? Did he need some medicine or medical attention? But he'd just sit there and mumble useless things.

"He's goneâ€|" He'd say. Or, "What did I do wrong?"

He seemed so confused and so out of it that the teachers wished they knew him a bit better. All he was to them was the class clown, the under aged drinker, that white haired kid with the tattoos. That's all he was to almost everyone.

The rain poured down on him that Friday and he began to question if there was any use in grabbing his umbrella from his backpack. Then he stopped and just stared down the empty street he walked every morning to get to school. Was there any use to any of this? The only use before was to shut Hiccup up. The brunet had forced him to come to school in the first time there to keep him going, what use was there to going back? Maybeâ€|maybe he should go back to what he was doing; staying at home, drawing up new designs for tattoos. He could still make a living off of that.

Every part of his soaked self was numb with the cold as he returned around. He even began to think that maybe the harsh rain was making him sick already. Hiccup wouldn't be walking down this street. He wouldn't be holding his favorite green umbrella over his head. And he surely wouldn't be stopping at the sight of his ex. But he did. And Jack questioned himself again; was he asleep?

"Jackâ€|" Hiccup whispered, looking him over from his baggy eyes to his sloppy clothes. "I-I should get goin-"

"Why?"

"Huh?"

Tears finally brimmed against his blue eyes. He shook his head, this wasn't a dream and this wasn't a fever. This was real and he had to take his chance. "Why did you leave me?"

The brunet looked shocked and took a step back. He understood it but

nothing at all at the same time. "What?" He whispered, his words hardly heard over the wind yet it was clear Jack understood by just the movement of his lips.

"Did I do something wrong? Did I hurt you? Because if I did, Hic, I'm so sorry." Jack took a step closer to him with pleading eyes. He had to hold his hands, feel his warmth, kiss those soft lips. He had to have contact with his love. "Please, I'm sorry."

"It-it wasn't you, Jack."

"Then who?" The teen caressed his ex lover's neck, looking his face over. The other boy's warmth flooded his finger tips and stung like needles, but he didn't care. "Who hurt you, baby? You gotta tell me. I'll beat them, I swear I'll beat them."

"Jack—it was me." Hiccup stared up at him and held Jack's clammy wet hands. "I—I—Someone—one of the jocks at school—"

"What is it? What'd they do to you?"

"They—" The brunet shook his head and looked away, tears brimming his eyes as well. "I'm so sorry, Jack—"

"You have to tell me what happened, Hic. Please, tell me—"

The next few minutes were much like this. Hiccup would breathe heavily and start to panic, repeating over and over that the other would hate him. Jack would hush his ex, stroking his hair to calm him down.

With much effort in convincing the younger teen to speak, the two sat down on the library stairs, under the tree that covered them. He spoke with a shaky voice, his hands playing with the hem of his shirt and the laces of his shoes. He didn't look Jack in the eyes as he told him the tale of the locker room and how one of the jocks walked up to him in a flirtatious way. He began untying and retying his laces as he spoke of the pick up lines and the backing up against the corner of one of the showers. His backpack seemed interesting as he told him about the pleas for him to stop and how the other went only as far as to kiss him deeply and peck at his neck.

"Thankfully, someone else came into the locker rooms—" Hiccup whispered. "I didn't want him to do anything—"

"Hiccup—" Jack stared at him with worry on his face. "Why didn't you tell me?"

The brunet shrugged, finally looking over at the other's chest. "I thought you would think of me as disgusting—and that you'd hate—so I broke up with you—because every time we kissed after that—I felt so much shame."

The punk hugged the glasses clad teen tightly, rubbing his back as he whispered sweet nothings into his ear. "Hiccup, next time this happens, tell someone. Tell me."

Hiccup silently started to sob into Jack's shoulder and nodded. "I—I will—Jack, I'm so sorry—"

"Shhâ€|shhâ€|we'll get through this, Hic. I promise. We'll getthrough this together." He smiled, pulling him into his lap. "Heyâ€|I love you."

He chuckled and sniffled. "I love you too."

End
file.